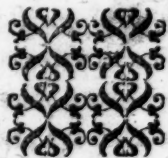




TO THE MA-
JESTIE OF KING
JAMES.

A gratulatorie Poem
by *Michaell Drayton.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *Iames Roberts*, for *T. M.*
and *H. L.* 1603.



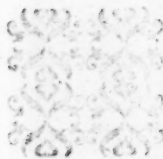
TO THE M.A.

LESTER OF KING

EDWARD

A Gratulatory Poem

by Richard Dighton.



Printed by James Roberts, for T. M.
and M. A. 1803.
LONDON.



TO THE MAIESTIE
of King IAMES.
(*)

THE hopefull raigne of a most happy King,
Loe thus excites our early Muse to sing,
Of her own strength which boldly thus presumes,
That's yet vnimpt with any borrowed plumes,
A Counsailes wisdom, and their graue fore-sight,
Lends me this luster, and resplendent light:
Whose well-prepared pollicie, and care,
For theyr indoubted Soueraigne so prepare,
Other vaine titles strongly to withstand,
Plac'd in the bosome of a peacefull Land:
That blacke destruction which now many a day,
Had fix'd her sterne eye for a violent pray,
Frustrate by their great prouidence and power,
Her very nerues is ready to deuoure,
And euen for griefe downe sincking in a swoond
Beats her snak'd head against the verdant ground.



To the Maies tie

But whilst the ayre thus thunders with the noise,
Perhaps vnheard, why should I traine my voyce?
Whē stirs, & tumults haue been hot't & proudest,
The noble Muse hath song the stern'st & lowdest;
And know great Prince, that Muse thy glory sings,
(Whāt ere detraction snarle) was made for Kings.
The neighing courser in this time of mirth,
That with his arm'd hoofe beats th'reecchoing
The trumpets clangor, & the peoples cry, (earth,
Not like the Muse can strike the burnish'd skie,
vvhich should heauē quench th'eternal quickning springs
The stars put out, could light thē with her wings.
What though perhaps my selfe I not intrude
Amongst th'vnsteddy wondring multitude,
The tedious tumults, and the boystrous throng,
That presse to view thee as thou com'st along,
The praise I giue thee shall thy welcome keepe,
Whē all these rude crowds in the dust shal sleepe,
And when applause and shouts are hush'd & still,
Thē shal my smooth verse chant thee cleer & shrill.
With

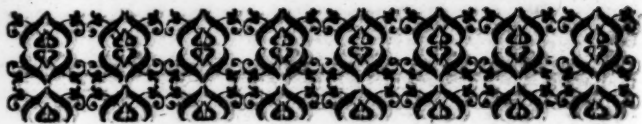


of King IAMES.

With thy beginning, doth the Spring begin,
And as thy Vsher gently brings thee in,
Which in consent doth happily accord
With the yeere kept to the incarnate Word
And in that Month (cohering by a fate)
By the old world to wisdom dedicate,
Thy Prophet thus doth seriously apply,
As by a strong vnfailling Augury,
That as the fruitfull; and full-bosom'd Spring,
So shall thy raigne be rich and flourishing
The month thy conquests, & archievements great
By those shall sit on thy Imperiall seate,
And by the yeere I seriously diuine
The Crowne for euer settled in thy line
From Cornwall now past Calidons proude strength,
Thy Empire beates eight hundred miles in length:
Halfe which in bredth her bosome forth doth lay
From the faire German to th Verginian sea:
Thy Realme of Ireland, a most fertile Land,
Brought in subiection to thy glorious hand,

The Irish
Sea.

And



To the Maieslie

And all the Iles theyr chalkie tops aduance
To the supne setting from the coast of Fraunce:
Saturne to thee his soueraignty resignes,
Op'ning the lock'd way to the wealthy mines:
And till thy raigne Fame all this while did houer,
The North-west passage that thou might'st discou-
Vnto the Indies, where that treasure lies
Whose plenty might ten other worlds suffice.
Neptune and Ioue together doe conspire,
This giues his trydent, that his three-forkt fire,
And to thy hand doe giue the kayes to keepe
Of the profound immeasurable deepe.

But soft my Muse, check thy abundant straine
To the conceiuing of th'vnskilfull braine,
That whilst thy true descent I doe rehearse,
Th'vnlearned'st soule may sweetly tast my verse.
Which now in order let me first dispose,
And tell the vnion of the blessed Rose,
That to thy Grandfire *Henry* I may bring thee,
(From whom I after to thy birth may sing thee)
That



of King IAMES.

That *Tudors* blood did worthily prefer,
From the great Queene that beautilous Dowager,
Whose sonne braue *Richmond* frō the Brittons set,
Graft in the stock of Princely *Sommerset*,
The third faire Sien, the sweet Roseat plant,
Sprong from the Roote of the Lancastrian *Gant*,
Which had seauenth *Henry*, that of royall blood
By his deere Mother, is the Red-rose bud,
As theyr great *Merlin* prophecied before
Should the old Brittons regalty restore,
Which *Henry* raigning by th'vsurpers death,
Maried the Princeesse faire *Elizabeth*
Fourth *Edwards* daughter, whose predest'nate bed
Did thus conioyne the White-rose, and the Red:
These Roseall branches as I thus entwyne,
In curioustrayles embelishing thy lyne,
To thy blest Cradell let me bring thee on,
Rightly deriu'd from thy great Grandfires throne.
Who holding Scotlands amity in worth,
Strongly to linck him with King *Iames* the fourth,

Katherine
wife to Hen-
ry the fift.

Edmond
Tudor Earle
of Rich-
mond, sonne
of Owen
Tudor by
the Queene.

The daugh-
ter of Iohn
Duke of
Sommer-
set, sonne of
Iohn Earle
of Sommer-
set, the sonne
of Iohn of
Gaunt.

B.

His



To the Maiestie

His eldest daughter did to him vnite,
Th'vnaparaleld bright louely *Margarite*,
Which to that husband prosperously did bring,
The fifth of that Name, *Scotlands* lawfull King,
Father to *Mary* (long in *England* seene)
The *Daulphins* dowager, the late *Scottish* Queene.

Muriel
whilst he
was Daul-
phin.

But now to *Margarite* backe againe to come,
From whose so fruitfull, and most blessed wombe
We bring our full ioy, *James* her husband dead,
Tooke gallant *Anguish* to a second bed,
To whom ere long she bare a princely geile,
Maried to *Lenox*, that braue-issued Earle,

Archibald
Dowglaste
Earle of An-
gush.

The Coun-
tesse of Le-
nox.

This beautilous *Dowglaste*, as the powers imply,
Brought that Prince *Henry*, Duke of *Albany*,
who in the prime of strength, in youths sum'd pride
Maried the *Scotch* Queene on the other side,
Whose happy bed to that sweet Lord did bring,
This Brittain hope, *James* our vndoubted King,
In true succession, as the first of other
Of *Henries* line by Father, and by Mother.

Henry Lord
Darl.

Thus



of King IAMES.

Thus frō the old stock showing thee sprong to be,
Grafting the pure *White*, with the *Red-rose* tree,
By mixture made vermillion as they meet,
For in that colour is the Rose most sweet:
So in thy Crowne the precious flower that growes
Beit the *Damaske*, or *Vermillion* Rose,
Amongst those Reliques, that victorious King,
Edward cald *Longshanks*, did from Scotland bring,
And as a Trophie royally prefer
To the rich Shrine in famous *Westminster*,
That stone referu'd in England many a day,
On which great *Jacob* his graue head did lay,
And saw descending Angels whilst he slept:
Which since that time by sundry Nations kept,
(From age to age I could recite you how,
Could I my pen that liberty alow.)
An ancient Prophet long agoe fore-told,
(Though fooles their sawes for vanities doe hold)
A King of Scotland, ages comming on,
Where it was found, be crown'd vpon that stone.

Recorded to
be that stone
wheron Ia-
cob slept.

A prophetic
belonging
to that stone.



To the Maiestie

Two famous Kingdoms seperate thus long,
Within one Iland, and that speake one tongue,
Since *Brute* first raig'n'd, (if men of *Brute* alow)
Neuer before vnited vntill now,
what power, nor war could do, nor time expected,
Thy blessed birth hath happily effected.
O now reuiue that noble Brittaines name,
From which at first our ancient honors came,
Which with both Nations fitly doth agree
That Scotch and English without difference be,
And in that place wher feuds were wont to spring
Let vs light Iigs, and ioyfull Pæans sing.
Whilst such as rightly prophec'i'd thy raigne,
Deride those Ideots held their words for vaine.
Had not my soule beene prooffe gainst enuies spite
I had not breath'd thy memory to write:
Nor had my zealous, and religious layes
Told thy rare vertues, and thy glorious dayes.
Renowned Prince, when all these tumults cease,
Euen in the calme, and Musick of thy peace,

If



of King IAMES.

If in thy grace thou deigne to fauour vs,
And to the Muses be propitious,
Cæsar himfelfe, Roomes glorious wits among,
Was not fo highly, nor diuinely fung.

The very earth'eft & degenerat'ft fpirit,
That is moft voyd of vertue, and of merit,
With the aufter'ft, and impudenteft face,
Will thruft himfelfe the formoft to thy grace;
Thofe filken, laced, and perfumed hinds,
That haue rich bodies, but poore wretched minds,
But from thy Court (O Worthy) banifh quite
The foole, the Pandar, and the Parafite,
And call thy felfe moft happy (then be bold)
When worthie places, worthi'ft men doe hold,
The feruile clowne for fhame fhall hide his head,
His ignorance, and bafenefle fruſtrated,
Set louely vertue euer in thy view,
And loue them moſt, that moſt doe her purſue,
So ſhalt thou ad renowne vnto thy ſtate,
A King moſt great, moſt wiſe, moſt fortunate.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

FOR the truth of these branches of the descent, in the
table or Page heere-vnto annexed, the perfect and sun-
dry Genealogies extant, doe sufficiently warrant in this
behalfe: If by reason it is but a part, and that also pat-
tern'd out of the large Genealogie as a lim of the same,
and runnes onely and directly with the Emperiall lyne;
being but so much (as wee may fitly say) is al'y'd to the
Poem: It seeme not to beare such vniformity and pro-
portion, as workmanship would prayse, that let iudge-
ment beare with, and the Artificer reforme, being plac-
ed heere rather for explanation, then any meere or ex-
treame necessitie.

James S. S.
 James S.
 James S.
 Our Sundry...

Marye Married to
F. King of France



7. Margaret
Eldest daughter
ever married
twice.

Margret
married to
matthew Earle
of Linnox

Archiball
Douglas Earle
of Innes. a
husband of
Margret

Margaret
married to
Edmund Tudor
Earle of Richmond



Henry VIII
King
England

Elisabeth
Daughter of Asa the
king of Judah
married to
king Josiah

A circular seal or stamp, likely a coat of arms or official seal, featuring a central emblem surrounded by a circular border. The text "John Duke of Somerset" is inscribed within the border.

John Earle
of Sattersea
Sonne of John
of Gaunt

